

LOWELL OFFERING.

JUNE, 1845.

MAIDEN MEDITATION.

WELL, well, there is no use in fretting now. I am an *old maid*, and no mistake. The sunny hours of girlhood have flown away, like a bright dream, too pure to last. Then I was a rosy-cheeked, laughing, black-eyed girl, full of young life's hopes and anticipations—singing from morning till evening, blithe as bird or bee; and life was all bright and beautiful before me. But a change has passed over the spirit of my dream. Now I live and move an isolated being, an *old maid*; a member of the maiden sisterhood.

Yet I do not repine. No! far be it from me; it was my own choice, and I have never yet repented it; though my cheek has lost its bloom, and my raven tresses have changed their hue. This form has grown thin and shadowy, and my voice has lost its melody, yet still I do not grieve. Had I been a wife, age would have shaken hands with me, and perhaps I should have been even more *ugly* than I am now. The very thought of matrimony always affected me like a fit of ague; and when any of my lovers broached the subject, my poor frightened heart thumped and fluttered like a caged bird, always compelling me to say "no." And my lovers all had such homely names that, turn them which way I might, they would not pass. Higgs, Hobbs, Spriggings, Higgings, Jiggings, Rig-gings, and Scriggings. No! not with any of these could my poetical name of Arabella Estella Corrilla La Mott be amalgamated. It would have been an insult to the good sense of my parents, who bestowed on me such a pretty name; and who, pray, can blame a maiden lady of sixty for being proud of such a name.

By the way, this makes me think of the other *sex*. What a shame it is that they call us such names. One can never be in their company without hearing about "*cross old maid*," "*ugly old maid*," and "*old maids dried up, and ready to fly away*." Now I wish they would remember that we are not ready to fly away with an "*old bach*." It would take something, I reckon, besides steam to carry us, if we should attempt it. "*An old maid!*" The name is hackneyed enough in all conscience; and I am ready to own that it sounds hateful even to me; but I do not see why it is worse than "*young maid*." If it is, let it be exchanged for something better. We often hear the men say, "They are cross, ugly and spiteful,

and because they are *obliged* to live in single wretchedness, they must have something to love, so they get cats, dogs and birds for pets." Well, what if they do? I would as soon have cats and dogs—no, I do not mean dogs, for they are hateful creatures, but cats, at all events—as a stingy scolding husband, and crying children daubing every thing over with their dirty greasy hands—and their noise is insupportable.

There is neighbor Brindle, an old beau of mine, by the way. Whenever I go there I am almost crazed with the noise of his six children. The ever-ringing chorus of their family concert is, "Father, father," "Mother, mother," or what is passing flat, "Papa, daddy, mama, mamy." Now, if I were going to be married, I would get a new order of household words, and never allow the children to call me twice by the same name. My children, of course, I should expect to be very dutiful—But to return to neighbor Brindle's; his wife can never talk of any thing but the children—how wonderfully bright they are; the baby, only one month old, has actually laughed; and, from the description, a body would think as much as one tooth had graced its little mouth. The dear little eyes, sweet little nose, pretty little toes of the other children, are all pointed out to me as though they were so many gems that I must admire. Now this is absolutely ridiculous. If I were a married woman, and could not find any thing to talk about excepting my children, I would hold my tongue, and not talk at all. There is Mark Dobbins—it is just so at his house; every time I go there, I think that I will never go again, for I am almost teased to death; the continual cry, from the time I set my feet in the house till I set them out again, is, "Just see this," "Just see that," as if I care how well Mark Dobbins provides for his family; I'm sure I never wanted to be drawled round the world by him; but folks do say, he married Minerva Temple out of pure spite to me. Well, if he did, poor fellow, he's got his pay; for his wife has grown dreadful slack. Her head, I dare say, aches, sometimes, to see a comb; and her shoes flop up and down like a mill clapper at every step she takes; I do not see how she contrives to keep them on; and her children are so dirty and ragged—there, I never saw them clean but once, and that on an extraordinary occasion. Dobbins himself is altered from the gay and social to the sullen and morose; and his wife, if she had the sense of a goose, would discover the cause in his bloated face and fiery nose. I wonder it has not burnt her before this time. Heigh-ho! I am sick of married life. Give me single blessedness, called after whatever name it may be—"A tall, sallow, gaunt, old maid," or "A strait, stiff, commanding spinster"—any thing—yes, any thing but—matrimony.

Well, poor Tabby is purring for her supper; so, good by to meditation.

AN OLD MAID.

A CLOUD, which neither denoted a storm, nor caught the eye by its graceful beauty, rested upon the horizon. Many saw it; but the summer wind wafted it onward—and *it was forgotten.* C.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

(Concluded.)

AND yet again it was fete day in Italy. Clear and glorious was the sky above—bright and beautiful was the earth beneath. For five years there had been anxious hope and expectation, and the two young rivals had been unceasingly watched.

Rivals! there is something implied in that word which both would have repudiated, for never was there more generous noble friendship than that cherished for each other by the two young men.

That which Montinello felt for the yet nameless painter was second to nothing but his love for his art, but it was not so exclusive as that he received in return. He loved all around him—he had his male and female friends and admirers. He had parents, brothers and sisters, with a host of worshipping relatives. He was almost universally known, and his countrymen waited but his own pleasure to idolize him. He was the child of a valued man, and never before was it thought that father had such a son—never was son so blessed in his father. With all these to share the affections of a naturally susceptible heart, it was not possible that he should give a wealth of love to be compared with an undivided affection.

The painter had no friends. The sweet faces which looked on him from the darkening canvas were the only ones, save Montinello's, which beamed on him with heart-thrilling tenderness. Every thought which was not given to his hallowed labor, or consecrated to the dead, was devoted to the generous warm-hearted sculptor. But so large a proportion of his mind was given to retrospection and aspiration that there was probably an equality of friendship between them. The heart of the painter could not rest to *love* another. When he should be crowned the supreme genius of Italy, then would he share his joy, his praise, his glory, with his friend. This would have seemed to Montinello like selfishness, but for the vow to the dead which hallowed and prompted the feeling. His noble soul looked at every thing in its brightest aspect, and, to know the painter aright, was to look through the Mokanna veil in which circumstances had enveloped him. Montinello was the only one who did him justice, and this they both knew well.

The specimen work upon which each had been engaged for the festival was never exhibited to any one, and the public knew not even the design. Montinello first commenced, and his model was once seen by the painter, who did not however offer the like return of courtesy. He wished, he said, that his own should show all possible contrast, and assured Montinello that he would one day appreciate his motive. This circumstance had been turned to the painter's disadvantage, and there was much said of his abusing Montinello's confidence, and displaying heartlessness, selfishness and meanness. Montinello remained unmoved. "I shall one day," said he to himself, "know, and all Italy will know, that a genius, like that painter, can never be mean, heartless and selfish."

This, the glorious festival day, was the day when all was to be revealed. Hearts throbbed high with expectation, and a few beat almost tumultu-

ously. The crowd was very great. It covered a gently swelling hill, which offered a natural amphitheatre, and upon its summit was a broad screen which hid the trophies of the two artists. The judges—old painters and sculptors—with amateurs, virtuosos, and critics, stood near; but all pressed eagerly upward when the command was given for the screen to be withdrawn. No eye had hitherto witnessed the completed masterpieces of the painter and sculptor; and, for a moment, there was a death-like hush throughout the vast assemblage. Surprise, almost to consternation, paralyzed them at the first glance, and then the blue sky above re-echoed the shout, "*Two statues! Two statues!*" Then there was a low murmur among those who stood nearest, which spread gradually, though not slowly, through the whole congregation. Then they all knew that one was but the *painting* of a statue.

There was indeed the anticipated contrast between them. The work of Montinello was a sweet statue of Pallas, with its gentle beauty, stealing like the calm of moonlight upon the susceptibilities of all observers. It was placed against a rose-colored curtain, which threw a life-like glow over the round delicate form, that seemed but to have ceased breathing because so many eyes were bent upon it.

The painting represented a statue of Romulus, the warlike founder of Italy's kingdom city; and it was indeed the model of a warrior. It seemed starting from the jet black ground-work of the canvas, as from some dark recess, to deal death and vengeance on its foes. The clenched hands, the parted lips, the fierce eyes, all exhibited a stimulus of life, the result of long-cherished passion. It did not look as though its breath had ceased, but all involuntarily listened, at the first moment, to *hear it breathe*.

The low hum of explanation, which swelled tide-like from the summit to the lower verge of the hill, and which assured all that they did indeed look both upon a painting and a statue, and the look which convinced them, was succeeded by a cry of "*The crown for the painter!*" "*THE CROWN FOR THE PAINTER!*"

Both candidates stepped forward, but Montinello in the advance. Within the last five years his fine large form had been still more matured and developed, but his countenance still retained the sunny glow of happy youth. His had been a joyous life—happy without himself, and happy within. This was, in truth, his first trial; but, as he looked upon the painter, he felt that it was no trial to resign the crown to such a friend.

Thin, wan and shadow-like was the form of the successful artist. The eyes, though brilliant, were very hollow, and the damp hair lay in thin curls upon the lofty brow. Ten years before a form and countenance, too much like this, had looked at sunset from a humble lattice, to await tidings from a similar festival. It was evident that the palm of victory had been won at an expense of life which was too great a price.

It *was* won; and the painter stood as though his head anticipantly drooped beneath its burden, for it rested on his breast, while one small hectic spot burned in the centre of each of his pale cheeks.

The voice of Montinello was heard, as all thoughts were turning from him to his rival; and they listened to hear what he might speak.

"My friends! My countrymen!" said he, at length—"may not I also crave a prize? I know indeed that there is no second crown to be awarded, yet would I have some token that my efforts are approved by you; that when the painter gains the sculptor does not lose. I have toiled hard for

you, for Italy, for myself—my work may not die because a better lives. It is still all that it would have been had no such painter arisen. *All, and more*, for the thought of such a rival has stimulated me to efforts beyond myself. I ask but this, that *I* may be the first to bear that name, and make it known to you, of which all Italy shall be so proud—that I MAY CROWN THE VICTOR."

There were long cheers for Montinello, and the crown was given into his hands.

The painter came forward, and knelt to receive it; and, when he felt its thrilling touch upon his brow, and heard the deafening shout, which from thousands of voices rent the Italian heavens, the blood gushed like a burning tide into each pallid cheek, and left it then forever. ELLA.

A RIDDLE.

Of humble origin am I,
And serve as waiting-maid
To nymphs whose lineage is high
O'er even a prince's head.

And many to their love aspire,
But woo them oft in vain;
And so they change their fond desire
And stoop, my smile to gain.

And so I don a garment gay,
And dance a sprightly measure;
While foolish men, so blind are they,
Will *sometimes* gaze with pleasure.

Though soulless as an idiot is,
If e'er by them forsaken,
I for my noble mistresses
Have *sometimes* been mistaken.

And though 't is true no servant's power
Should e'er be bought or sold,
I own *I've* run for many an hour
To win the shining gold.

But I'm a weak and worthless thing,
Oft lame, because I'm troubled,
My feet to equal steps to bring;
I'm crooked—sometimes doubled.

Yet was I *made* for harmony;
Smoothly my life *should* glide,
But rough and harsh is oft my way,
When men my footsteps guide.

Reader, in vain I seek for fame;
Be thou of praise the donor!
You'll say, when you have learned my name,
These lines did me small honor.

L.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

FAITH, it seems to me that mine is a weary lot. Other men have their ups and downs, their sunshine and shade, but my path of thorns lies down the hill, and I imagine that I shall, ere long, arrive at the bottom. To see me this morning, one would judge that I had just returned from a six years' residence among the Shawnees. My mirror reflects an image, clad in habiliments, which, if not "a world too wide, for my shrunk shanks," display many a crevice and loophole, through which to scan the world within. My coat, alas, has seen its palmiest days; when shall I look upon its like again? My soiled vest, surmounted by a collar more than soiled, my half-soled slipshod slippers, (which Cousin Isabel once told me, were fit emblems of a *soulless* old bachelor) all these I can boast of as my own, in addition to a host of blue-devils, which visit me semi-weekly, or oftener, if the northeast wind sweeps over me, or ill luck throws me into the society of the ladies. My hair, that brown glossy hair, of which I was wont to be so proud, is fast leaving me, and, as each individual hair takes its departure, it seems like the knell of departing youth. My magnificent mustaches, too, which flourished so verdantly, have of late received a plentiful powdering from that old barber—*Time*—and give me the appearance of a solemn grizzly bear. Little need I care for this, however, so long as modern invention can supply a dye of any hue, and as to my lost locks, why a superb wig from Froisier's, will more than supply that defect. Yet, after all, what signifies this patching and mending of the outer man.

I am growing old, both body and spirit, and, spite of myself, a foolish something occasionally whispers me that, if I had sought out a better-half, in my better days, my affection need never have become thus rusty.

There is my old friend, Tom, a fair specimen of your domestic men, a kind, generous soul, by the way, and yet I almost hate the fellow, he looks upon me with such a scornful pity, as if I were an utter stranger to all bliss and happiness. When I visit him, (which I do sometimes, although I always wish I had staid away,) he seems so proud of his wife and children, as to make himself ridiculous. And then, they seem so loving and so happy, it would give me infinite pleasure to see them engaged in a furious quarrel. I cannot, for the life of me, imagine how a man, gifted with common sense, can ever think a woman perfect. Yet I believe Tom would worship his wife, even though she should tear his eyes out. Strange, that he cannot see that she is like all others of her sex, fickle and vain, with a tongue longer than Jacob's ladder, and a determination to rule and reign at all hazards, as strong as that of old Queen Bess.

Yet, why is it, that sometimes when I am launching a thunderbolt against the whole feminine gender, that the image of Helen Shirland will rise up before me, in spite of myself, and, in an instant, I live those bright days o'er again. Ah, Helen! In truth, she was a glorious creature. I see her now, with her raven curls, her sparkling eye, and sunny smile. I verily believe, that, had I not been a downright ninny, she might now have borne my name instead of another's, for I am satisfied she loved me. I wanted to test her affection, and vex her a little, and so pretended to love another, when that New York lawyer, confound him, I wish he had been translated years before, stepped forward with the offer of his heart and

hand, which she was foolish enough to accept, leaving me to suck my fingers. Many a time have I tried to hate her for it, but, whenever I think of it, I only get provoked with myself, and I believe it is best to forget her altogether. I think I will destroy that locket of her hair, which I have foolishly kept so long. How well do I remember the time when she lost it returning from a walk, and I picked it up without her knowing it, and stowed it away in my cabinet. Little did I think then, that I should be a bachelor at the age of forty-eight, but so it is. Since Helen married, I have undergone several flirtations and negotiations, and once went so far as to pass the question to a brilliant girl, who referred me to her father for an answer, and the next day ran away with her father's clerk. Since that period, I have eschewed all thoughts of matrimony as the very quintessence of evil, but lately, somehow or other, I begin to grow restless and uneasy, and quite tired of my lonely joys, and hang me, if I don't think I should find wedded life quite as endurable as single blessedness. It will be a change, at all events, and it cannot well be for the worse: so unless I have another attack of the rheumatism, I will make proposals to Dr. Richmond's niece, ere another month has passed away. She steps like a divinity, and such fine eyes! I met her last week, and have dreamed of her every day and night since. Suppose she should say *no*, what then? No matter; I think I should survive the shock, and if she say, yes, why then I am no longer an old bachelor. I'll do it, I'll do it—by the powers, I will. O. P. Q.

THE PLEDGE.

At the close of a bright summer day might have been seen, through a thick copse of trees, a neat white cottage, resembling a white spot in the forest; so completely was it embosomed in trees and shrubbery. A woodbine encircling its green door and creeper-curtained windows, with the bright foliage wavering gracefully in the air, together with the beautiful flower garden in front, and its neatly laid plats in the regular walks of which, engaged in innocent gaiety, were two rosy children.

This formed one of the most picturesque and beautiful scenes the eye could desire to look upon. At the little parlor window, overlooking this lovely spot, sat a young female who, from her youthful appearance, could not have numbered more than eighteen years, holding in her arms a beautiful infant boy, whose bright black eyes sparkled like two beautiful stars, as, with the tenderness of a mother, she fondly caressed him.

A few paces from the window, in a corner of the room, sat a gentleman several years her senior, apparently in deep thought. "Brother!" said a sweet musical voice, "come here!" The gentleman rose, and approached the window. "Who is that?" said the same sweet voice, looking out of the window, and pointing,—"*who is that, with those tattered clothes and that reeling gait?*"

"Miles Singleton!" replied the gentleman.

"And one of your companions at the ale house," said the lady, placing

her small white hand on his arm, and gazing, with her full blue eyes, into his face, with a look so full of anxiety and affection that it sent the blood mantling to his very temples. "Oh! brother; is it possible you can associate with such filthy and degraded beings? Is it possible I have left my home in the city, and come to this sweet cottage to render your home so uncomfortable that you must seek companionship with those who are so unworthy of your regard, who have fallen so entirely beneath the dignity of a man!"

"You have not made my home uncomfortable, my sister. Indeed, you have been very kind to make this your home, and you have manifested all the kindness of a mother to my little cherub," said he with much feeling, stooping and imprinting a kiss on the fair brow of the infant, for which may God bless you.

"I do not wish to wound your feelings, brother; but let me entreat you by the affection of a sister, by the near and endearing relation of a father in which you stand to these motherless children, by the sacred memory of your departed wife, whom you promised to love and cherish, by all that is great and good, let me entreat you to abandon those companions, and promise me, oh promise me, that you will never again visit that den of degradation, that you will never again taste of that poisonous cup, in whose dregs dwelleth misery and death."

He seemed moved by the manner and deep-toned affection with which this petition was uttered, for he was not yet hardened, and the voice of affection had ever found an answering chord in his bosom.

"Will you," resumed the sister, "will you promise me dear brother?"

"By the help of God," said he with emotion, "I will *promise*; I will *take the pledge*."

The lady then took from her finger a plain gold ring, and placing it on the finger of her brother, "This," said she, "was the gift of thy departed wife, and the motto is *a sister's love*. Let this circumstance, together with the motto, serve to remind you of the promise you have solemnly made in the presence of ALMIGHTY GOD, and may HE grant you strength sacredly to keep it." To which he added, in an impressive tone, *Amen*. Then, falling on her knees, in a low voice she fervently commended to the care of our FATHER in Heaven that beloved brother, imploring HIM to suffer him not to be led into temptation, to be with him in the hour of trial and guard and protect him in the hollow of His hand. Nor did she forget his companion in sin, but prayed that he might be the instrument in the hand of God of turning him from the wickedness and sin, in which he had found misery and wo, into the paths of righteousness and consequent peace. She arose calm and serene, for she was a Christian, and believed that the prayers of the righteous are answered.

Scarcely were they again reseated when both the children came rushing in, exclaiming, in one breath, "Oh! Pa! Charley Singleton says his pa has been whipping his ma, and she is on the bed crying, and they are very hungry—they have not had hardly any thing to eat these two days." This was too much for the already softened feelings of the father.

He burst into tears and, taking the infant from his sister's arms, "Go, sister," said he, "and prepare something for this afflicted family, for you are capable of comforting both soul and body. Thank God we have yet something to spare for our unhappy neighbor." With her accustomed cheerfulness and benevolence she prepared a basket of nice bread and cold

meat, and proceeded to the cottage of the inebriate. Like the good Samaritan she accomplished her errand, returned again to her home leaving the remembrance of a kindness and sympathy manifested more by actions than words. They succeeded in reclaiming the inebriate. In the little garden, where weeds were suffered to grow, is now manifested the care of the husbandman; every thing about the cottage has a more prosperous and cheerful appearance.

The father is again welcomed by the gay laugh of the children, and cheerful smile of the wife. And now may be seen, at each returning twilight, on a green plot between the cottages, beneath the shade of a stately elm, the two families mingling their united orisons, while their children join in singing the praises of their FATHER in Heaven, for they are trained up in the nurture and admonition of the LORD. * *

OUR NATAL PLACE.

THERE is no place like home; it is the centre of every one's affections, and well does it deserve our best esteem and love. But what is it that binds every heart so strongly to the place of its birth? Why is it that, amid other suns, and under other skies, the heart still turns with affection and love to the first home of its youth? Why is it that the traveller, as he returns from some distant country, feels such joy and gladness as he again comes in sight of his native hills? Is it because the flowers are fairer, the grass greener and the trees more tall, and stately than in other climes? Is it because the air is purer, the breezes softer, and more gentle, and the sky more beautifully blue above him? or is it because the sun shines more brightly, and beams more kindly upon him there, and all nature around presents a new aspect, and attracts his attention more?

No: it is none of these; but it is because it is his native home; because he knows he shall meet with a happy and smiling circle of relatives and friends, who will welcome him with joy and gladness to the home where he has so long been a stranger, because he will be surrounded with cheerful faces and happy and affectionate hearts; or if perchance, time has desolated his once happy home, if the friends, whom he once fondly loved and cherished, are now laid cold and silent in their graves, still does he love the home of his youth; he loves it for the memories it brings; he loves it for the scenes of other days, because it brings to mind the time when he was a free and happy child, before a knowledge of the world had stamped his brow with care, or taught him the cold, stern lessons of distrust and deceit. He loves it because it is the resting place of his friends, and he loves it—he knows not why; there seems to be a feeling, a something implanted in his breast by his CREATOR, that binds him with a golden chain to his native home.

Ask the foreigner as he makes his home in other climes than his own native lands, why it is that his brow is so often shaded by care, and why the silent tear so often steals unbidden to his eye, and he will answer: Because I am a "stranger in a strange land." I left my own happy home

to seek my fortune in a distant land. The entreaties of my father, the prayers of my mother, and the tears of affectionate brothers and sisters, were alike unheeded, they were all vain to bind my restless spirit to my native land. I broke through every tie of affection that bound me, and, lured on by ambition, love of fame, and love of gold, I became a wanderer. I have spent many years in a strange land, my hopes of wealth and fame have all been realized, but I am not happy. I have gold, but gold will not purchase sincere and lasting friendship. I seem to be alone in the midst of creation; no friend is near to cheer my hours of loneliness and solitude, to wipe the cold sweat of death from my brow, or soothe me with the voice of affection and tenderness. But I am alone. This he will tell you is the wanderer's lot, and in the loneliness of his heart he exclaims,

"O give me back my happy home, my dear my native hills,
The stranger's home, the stranger's smile, my soul with sadness fills,
O, what could tempt my youthful heart to leave my friends and home,
To change them for ambition's smiles, in distant lands to roam.
O, I have labored long and hard to gain a store of gold,
And passed my days in weariness, and now am growing old.
Riches and power! what are they now? I hate their very name;
Misery and care are all they bring, and all that they can claim,
O, I would give the richest gem, that ever decked this earth,
To see once more my native home, the land that gave me birth."

ESTELLE.

MY MOTHER.

MY MOTHER, oh the sacred name! As its echo rings in my ear what varied thoughts at once rush on my mind. It was her who first gave me birth, who nourished and cherished me, and anticipated every want before the power of speech was granted, who spent, not only long and tedious days, but sleepless nights, watching by the bedside of her child, when the withering hand of sickness had laid it on a couch of pain. It was my mother's sweet kiss that drove each care from my young bosom, and dried the falling tear. It was her gentle smile that encouraged my first tottering footsteps, and bade me make another and still another effort. Yes, and more than this. It was her affectionate voice that first taught me to lisp forth a prayer to the GIVER OF ALL GOOD; that bade me shun the paths of sin and vice, and choose those of virtue and holiness. And with what anxious solicitude, did she watch my riper years. Each bud of virtue, that unfolded itself to view, brought joy and delight to a mother's heart. While, with tender affection, she admonished and reproved me for every fault, and, with many prayers and tears, entreated the FATHER OF MERCIES to keep her beloved daughter from the many snares laid to entrap the youthful mind.

This is a mother's love. It knows no bound. But with an undying fervor yearns over her offspring, from the cradle to the grave. If they are blest with health and prosperity her fond heart rejoices with them. While,

if the thorns of adversity thickly strew their pathway, and lay them on a bed of sickness, her fond hand is the first to soothe their affliction, and administer the healing draught. My mother! may I never be so ungrateful as to neglect or forget thee when in the decline of life. Sooner let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, than I forget my aged and venerable mother. But may I, in the vigor of youth, strive by every means within my reach, to soothe her downward passage to the grave. May I consider no sacrifice of my own feelings too great to make, if, by so doing, I can, in any way, contribute to her comfort or happiness. One gentle approving smile, in connection with a mother's blessing, is sufficient to repay me for all privations and bury at once the past in forgetfulness.

This world to me, would be but a dreary blank had I no dear mother. In vain would spring return with its opening buds and flowers, succeeded by summer's bright and joyous days. In vain would the mellow days of autumn strive to tempt me forth, while the merry bells of winter would sound like some death knell, had I no kind mother. May I learn to appreciate her kindness more, and bend a listening ear to all her kind instructions, and at last be prepared to meet her in that better world where we may spend an endless eternity together.

PROSILTHA.

WHERE SHALL MY BURIAL BE?

Oh, bury me not with the silent dead,
That people so thickly earth's lowly bed,
For I could not bear to lay me down,
Beneath the shadow, and darker frown
Of those mouldering stones, which stand to tell
Of some sleeper's rest, and guard it well.
Nor would I sleep in the cold, damp tomb,
That place of darkness, death and gloom;
Where no soft sunlight breaks the spell
Which the prisoner finds in his lone cell,
Where no gentle breeze of evening air
Can fan the cheek of the sleeper there.
I know thou art true, and dost treasure thy trust,
More safely than the miser his golden dust,
But in thy dark confines no flower ere bloomed,
For Death, the grim tyrant, is king of the tomb,
And I would that my grave should cherish the flowers,
For we have been friends from my earliest hours.
Then bury me far from the home of the dead—
By some gentle stream let me pillow my head,
Where the beautiful flowers, which kiss the blue wave,
Their fragrance shall shed o'er their lowly grave;
But no sculptured stone, shall mark that lone spot,
For I fain would be by the worldling forgot.
But if, perchance, I may not rest
In such a spot, so deep and blest,
Then bury me by my mother's grave,
Fast by old Ocean's swelling wave;
For could I slumber by her side,
Where rolls the heaving foaming tide,
There I would gladly die.

E. W. J.

ELLA HOWARD.

"OH, you have come at last, William," said the sick girl, quite unconscious of what she was saying, or whom she was addressing. "Well, I knew you would; although they told me I never should see you again. Oh, I am so glad to see you. Come sit down by my side, and don't be so distant. Shake hands with me once more, for it is a long time since you left me. Eight long weeks! Is it possible? Well, they are gone now, and you have returned. We shall not be separated again, shall we, William?"

Thus spake the dying maiden as her physician entered her room; but she knew him not. Her thoughts were of an absent friend, although in the unconsciousness of the moment, she deemed him present.

Friend, just look in upon that pale sufferer. The effort which she has made to speak has quite overcome her, and she has fallen into a gentle slumber. Do you mark the hectic as it deepens on her cheek? It tells you she is the victim of consumption. But listen; she speaks again: "William, that rose-tree which you gave me has already blossomed. Do you see it?—'tis there in the window. I keep it there, for I love to look at it, and now I shall have a rose to wear in my hair. To-morrow is the day we have fixed upon. Well, my dress is all finished, and they tell me white becomes me well."

But look! she is awake. Do you mark the wildness of her eye, as it fixes on every individual in the room, and scans, with the strictest scrutiny, their every look. Hark! she calls her mother; she is not wandering now, for the energies of her expiring nature are, for the last time, called into exercise. "Oh, he has not come, has he? Well, I have had a sweet dream of him. I have seen him in a better land than this—a land of sunny skies, of gentle streams whose banks were clothed with bright hued flowers. And he looked more beautiful than when he left me. But then every body was beautiful there, nor were they so cold and selfish as people are in this world; but they smiled on us so gently, and spoke so kindly. Oh, I wish I could always live there. But, mother, the room grows dark, and I am very cold. Is this death! tell me—am I dying?"

The morrow came, that day which was to have witnessed the union of Ella Howard and William Holbert, but Ella was no more. The bridal dress had become her shroud, and the white rose she had cherished so fondly, now drooped amid the snowy folds of her winding sheet.

Kind friends had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to departed worth, and already had the aged pastor uttered these words, "I am the resurrection and the life," when a tall and well-dressed young man entered the church, and walked up the aisle. A breathless silence pervaded the assembly, while all eyes were riveted on the stranger. But he heeded them not. The object of his affection was enclosed in the narrow coffin before him. Thick and fast fell the burning tear-drops on that marble brow, but it was too late. The "curtain had fallen," and Ella Howard was a spirit in that better land. But she went not long before him, for grief soon severed the chords which bound him to earth, and they were reunited in heaven.

E. W. J.

"FIRST LOVE"! ALAS!

"There is nothing like first love"! [*Yes, there is. Put a hot potato in your mouth, and shut your teeth upon it, and it will produce precisely the same symptoms as first love: rolling eyes, starting tears, ejaculatory "oh"s, and a constant succession of sighs.*] "The warm and generous gush of the heart's young affections! It is never forgotten, but haunts the soul like a dream of music, through all after life. It clings to the heart amid the wreck of all our earliest, brightest hopes, and reposes in the sanctuary unsullied amid corruption. We look back to it, as to an existence enjoyed under the influence of an enchanter's wand; there appears to have been so little of earth's dull reality mingled with those hours. Even the villain, hardened in crime, whose rank offences smell to heaven, weeps over his life of shame, as he thinks of the hour when his soul was spotless, and his heart adored a fair being, who filled both waking thoughts and dreams. It was the sunlight of existence, but the shadows have passed over it, and all else is dark and desolate."

"*Fudge!*" as the man in the Vicar of Wakefield says.—But after so long a quotation of sentimentality, one must stop to breathe.

The author of the sentence, or sentiments, which I have quoted, is one of the *handsomest* men in America, distinguished in the literary world, and one of the "observed of observers." He is "a delight—a jewel of a man;" and he might find truth in what he has written, but *my* experience is vastly different; and I question, whether nine-tenths of the masters and misses of this precocious age do not experience sensations nearer allied to shame than regret, if, in after life, they meet their "first love" and compare them with those whom their more matured judgment approves. And I must say, that this feeling, sighing, lack-a-daisical fancy, which appears so well in romances, in real life constitutes *the* one step from the sublime.

I once had a "first love;" and for the benefit of the broken-hearted, will relate "my experience."

I was young, not having seen my sixteenth birth-day, but my head was crammed full of all the exquisite trials of the heroine of the "Children of the Abbey," and novels of a like class. But alas! for the barometer of my "young affections," there was not a young gentleman within twenty miles, that would answer for a hero to my heroics, or worth "falling in love" with. The young masculine progeny of the fathers in that region, seemed designed by Providence to fill the footsteps of their fathers—that is, marry reasonably, take care of their farms and wife, and provide for whatever other blessings, or responsibilities, the future might commit to their care. With my sentiments and feelings elevated and refined into the region of ethereal nonsense, there was no danger of my descending to "earth's dull reality," without a severe lesson from my Utopian dreams. But who could be the hero? There was not a gentleman within the space I have named, unless it was old Judge Fiske, who had sufficient assurance to play the fool for the benefit of any lady in Christendom. Still, I am not certain what necessity might have done, if the Fates had not been propitious. And, further, I am not certain that even a lover of threescore years and ten would not have been preferable for the experiment of inducting my heart into the mysteries of "first love," as he would

have died in reasonable time, and not lived to haunt my memory with the caricature of the being whom my imagination and inexperience had exalted to a little less than divine.

Do you, my reader, (for of course I have one,) remember your first love as he or she appeared to you in the first days of the hallucination? Did not a halo seem to envelope the form of the beloved one like—but I can liken it to nothing but the beams of light which herald the sun's approach, or the radius of glory which encircles the heads of saints in pictures. And thus encircled, with a light more pure and soft than the last sweet ray of sunset, did the being appear who awakened the electric fire of first love in my expectant and weary heart. I had waited for him—watched for him at twilight hour, until the clouds seemed to assume human form and look down with the melting tenderness for which my heart yearned. And while watching for him in the clouds, could any one have supposed that my eyes would have turned earth-ways for the being who was to awaken the life of love in my heart, and teach me for what the boon of existence had been given? Ah me! those delicious reveries and fancies *did* repay for the hours of bitter anguish which their indulgence engendered. The vapor lover did very well until a more substantial one appeared upon the scene; and then, I grieve to say, the earthly one soon displaced the heavenly.

It wanted some months of my sixteenth birth-day, when the quiet of our little village was disturbed by the irruption of a stranger, who avowed an intention of locating himself within its precincts. Truth compels me to add, that on my first acquaintance with him, I discovered nothing but a tall red-haired gentleman of about twenty-five years of age; courteous, good-humored and affable in his manners. My unpractised judgment did not detect the influence which he was to wield over my destinies. I only regarded him in the light of pleasant and agreeable acquaintance; and nothing but a mere human being like the rest of the world. *He* discovered the similarity of our tastes and the congeniality of our minds, long before I had done watching for the divinity which was to drop from the clouds to teach me the "generous gush of the heart's young affections," and "the influence of the enchanter's wand."

I will not positively assert, that he did not discover rather, that I was the greatest dunce in the vicinity; and that while I was full of all the ingenuous artlessness of sixteen, joined with romance sufficient for a dozen misses, that common sense and real life were as unintelligible to me as the contents of a Greek Testament. Or he might have been very innocent, entirely ignorant of the magazine of tenderness which unconsciously he was igniting. My prattle, in which there was a strange blending of the woman and child, might have amused him, while my merry infantine rattle might have been his assurance that I had not thought of a lover. Be the question whether he was designing or unconscious, as it may, (and it is one which I cannot even now decide,) the consequences were the same to me.

Love was a word that never passed between us, although "pure and exalted friendship" was often expatiated upon.

But time progressed; and we read the same books, walked, rode, and sang together. We admired the same passages in the volumes which we perused, saw the same beauties in the landscape, loved the same songs, and watched the same clouds. If twenty-four hours passed, without spend-

ing one-fourth of it in his society, I thought the day lost. Sometimes his business would detain him, and then I would stand and watch the corner he must turn to reach the house, until darkness had veiled the light; and if he did not come, would seek my couch and weep myself to sleep. And if he had only been detained until a later hour, I would run to meet him, and in childish glee chide him for his tardiness. I had a small *petit* form, and being the youngest by many years of my brothers and sister, my mother still regarded me as *a* baby, as well as "*her* baby." My friends never seemed to think that I had reached the years of girlhood, or that I could pass childhood without attaining more stature and dignity. As long as I remained frolicksome and was kept in short dresses, I could not be any thing but a child. But my heart grew faster than my stature, and my affections were drawn out before my skirts were "let down."

When we went to walk in the summer, mother would tie on my sun-bonnet, and give *him* charge not to let me take it off. And then, I would place my hand in his, and pass quietly along until some flower caught my eye, when I would bound off, perhaps challenging him to "catch me." And when winter came, mother took the same care of my hood and mittens, and her charge would be varied to "not let me slip down."

And whenever he was going to ride, he would come in with, "Bel, where is your bonnet?" and if mother objected for fear that he was not a skilful driver, or that his horse was too fiery to trust me with him, he would combat her objections, and with the promise to return me "safe," would gain her consent.

One evening there was a walk planned by my companions of my own age, where I was very anxious to go. Mother refused her consent, and to all our persuasions was inexorable. Billy Butler, who was one of the number, beckoned me aside—

"Bell," said he, "you must go, or there will be no fun. Your mother will let you go with Esq. Smith, if she went with us; and I am going after him."

"But he will not go," I replied. "He was in here to-day, and was sick."

"Pish!" returned the boy, "if *you* want to go, he will come if he can stand. Don't you tell your mother where I have gone."

I *felt* that if Esq. Smith would come, mother would not refuse him; but I knew that he was actually unwell, and besides, the walk, or the attraction of our destination would be no inducement for him to join us. And I was weeping in bitter grief for my mother's refusal when he entered.

"What is the matter, Bel?" said he. "Come, dry up your tears, for I have come for you to go to Mr. Hoskins's."

"Mother says that I cannot go," was my sobbing reply.

"But, Mrs. Cleaveland," said he, turning to mother, "you will trust Bel with me? I will keep hold of her hand so that she shall not fly off, and by half-past ten return her safe home."

Still, as much as I wanted to go, I was not selfish; and I remembered that he had complained of illness when he was there in the morning.

"But you are sick?" said I, inquiringly.

"Oh!" he replied, "nothing but a headache. I feel better now, and the walk will do me good. Go and get your bonnet, and I will persuade your mother to say 'yes' while you are gone."

Nothing loath, I went after my bonnet, and as mother made no objection when I returned, I supposed her consent granted, and departed. The rest

of the company were a long way before us, and I went chattering along until I chanced to remember mother's refusal. As the thought struck me,

"Mother," said I, "would not let me go when Billy, Charlotte and Jane came after me."

"Yes, Billy told me so," he replied, "and said you were crying your eyes out."

"I did not cry until they were gone," I hastily rejoined, ashamed of my childishness.

"But, I suppose Billy thought you would cry," he returned, and a faint smile passed over his countenance.

I looked him full in the face as he spoke, which I had not done before, and saw that he was very pale.

"You *are* sick!—you are certainly sick!" I exclaimed in grief; "why did you come?"

"I am not very well," he replied, aware that he was unable to conceal his illness, "but you must not say any thing about it at Mr. Hoskins's, nor when you get home. It is nothing but the headache, and the walk will do me no harm."

"But you are sick," I persisted, "and I shall get some camphor of Mrs. Hoskins and bathe your head as soon as we get there."

"You must do no such thing," he hastily replied—"it would create"—and he paused abruptly for an instant, and then added, "uneasiness, and spoil the pleasure of your young friends. Will you promise me, Bel, to do as I wish?"

I reluctantly gave my consent to the request, and as he chatted more freely, was relieved, or forgot my apprehensions before we reached our destination.

"Remember, Bel," said he, as we reached the door—"no remarks, no uneasiness about my headache."

(Continued.)

IS THERE A GOD?

Is there a God? Whence came this bright and beautiful world, with its green fields and verdant meadows, and mighty trees of the forest gladdening earth with their presence, and cheering the heart with silent teachings? How came the bright flowers? And the high green hills, and lofty frowning mountains, whence came they? The little stars, too, those brilliants of the universe, that shine with such sparkling splendor, and the pale beams of the silvery moon? Whence sprang the glorious frame of universal nature, and how came man? Who endowed him with life and sensation, and reason which exalts him above the rest of creation? How originated all these—so beautiful, so sublime? Have they no Creator? Can it be that all this happened by chance?

No: there is an ALL-WISE BEING, who "created heaven and earth, and all that is therein." Who can doubt the existence of a Supreme Being when gazing upon nature, decked in her bright and beautiful robes? Let us gaze upon the stars as they shine forth in all their brilliancy, and add such beauty to the clear celestial sky, and the pale moon, as she rides

up the cloudless course, and looks down with her sweet smiling face upon us; and the sun, too, as he rises from the deep blue sea, to lighten the heavenly canopy with his glorious beams. How delightful to wander forth at early dawn, when the blush of morning beautifies the heavens, to gather wild flowers, and to listen to the deep-toned melody of the babbling rills, and the warbling matin song of the little birds, as they wake from their quiet slumber. At evening, too, when the golden rays of retreating Sol are sparkling through the leaves of the trees, and his dazzling beams gild the mountain tops, and the high hills. But soon the scene is changed, and twilight's peaceful, thoughtful hour is ours, and the quiet of evening comes stealing on. Now the stars make their appearance, one by one, to illuminate the cerulean vault with their diamond rays. Now Phebus, with dignity, rises to rule queen of the night. Soon the hour of midnight approaches, and all is peace and tranquility. Does not all nature, with united voice, say "there is a God"? and bid us not found our hopes of happiness on the things of earth, but look upward to a far more beautiful world than this, where God shall reign supreme forever. ELAN.

MISS F.: This article was written one moonlit evening in autumn, after reading that excellent one entitled "*The man out of the moon.*"

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

HAIL! thou bright orb, in yonder blue,
Fair sovereign of the nightly train;
Thou'st come again to greet our view,
Friend of the past, and still the same.

Good evening to thy majesty!
Thou art an old familiar friend,
As e'er we gladly welcome thee,
In whom the happiest memories blend.

We call to mind our youthful days,
When hope soar'd high, on pinions free,
And pleasure lured a thousand ways,
Still Fancy fondly turned to thee.

This evening, thou art fair and mild,
Gilding the autumn scenery o'er,
As ere thou wert when I, a child,
Gazed on thy face in days of yore.

How oft, in some sequestered place,
Where spring had spread her loveliest scene,
I've listened to the croaking race
Beneath thy dew-distilling beam.

And then, in Contemplation's hour,
The fickle thread of fancy spun,
And almost feared that mystic power
Would let thee from thine orbit run.

I've watched thee when all others slept,
With pensive pleasure all mine own,
And tried to count the stars, that swept
In pomp around thine azure throne.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

In queenly state thou dost appear,
Fair token of the Power that guides
Thee in thine own revolving sphere,
To bless the earth, and mark the tides.

How often, by the sportive throng,
Were various speculations made
About that dark and manly form,
Upon thy shining disc portrayed.

Yet, though our reasoning all was fraught
With wild conjecture, spiced with mirth,
We never dreamed, or even thought
That he would deign to visit earth.

But one dark night he did appear
On earth, as some of late have said,
And did, with deep compassion, hear
Her starving children cry for bread.

And this was on that Christian isle
Where mitred man no worship claims—
Or heathen temples e'er defile—
The land o'er which Victoria reigns.

But there the princely palace soars,
And pampered men its mazes tread,
While brothers pass its trellised doors
Unclothed, uncherished, and unfed.

There starving thousands toil for pelf—
Well might he question them, if God
Designed the image of HIMSELF
Should cringe to man, and kiss the rod.

Then round the Mediterranean sea
He sought her cities fair and grand,
But still dissatisfied was he,
And sighed to find a better land.

Then turned to bid the scene adieu,
And the swift wings of transport caught,
And o'er the broad Atlantic flew
With the velocity of thought.

And here he found the far-famed land,
Where freedom grows on every tree,
And every seeking stranger-hand
May pluck the fruit of liberty.

Here waved the fig-tree in its pride;
Here stood the lemon all in bloom;
The rose and lily proudly vied
In beauty and in rich perfume.

Our vales with sacred temples teem;
Knowledge is scattered far and wide;
Here wealth is borne on every stream,
And commerce floats on every tide.

But why was bliss by grief beguiled?
Why did his heart from all revolt?
For him the generous banquet smiled,
But all in vain—he "smelt a fault."

Out spoke our hero while beneath
The gracious orange bowers he stood:
"Ah! here they deal in stripes and death;
The soil is stained with human blood."

Alas, the rest I dare not tell ;
So I will charge my muse to whist,
Lest some good readers think they smell
Me out an Abolitionist

And some will say, "Fy, 'tis a whim ;
He ne'er did come to earth—not he ;"
So I will say no more of him,
But now address myself to thee.

Long centuries with ceaseless tramp
Have glided by, yet thou dost shine
As bright as when thy lucid lamp
Was lit to strike the march of time.

Where are the young, the proud, and those
Who fought and bled for victory ?
Ah ! nations sleep in dark repose,
Yet time hath wrought no change in thee.

Thy smiles are yet as young and bright,
On Andalusia's foreign shore,
Or where Grenada's ancient height
Was traversed by the dusky Moor.

And yet the wing of light doth brood
Where wonderous Rome but ruin shows ;
On Afric's plain, where Carthage stood ;
Where Tadmor in the desert rose.

Here, too, thy smiles are worn, and blend,
Reflected on our temple spires,
As when the red-men of the land
Convened around their council fires.

O thou blest orb of heaven ! 'tis thine
To light the dark funereal pyre ;
Above the solemn grave to shine,
Where even mourning friends retire.

'Tis thine to look, with cheering beam,
Upon the midnight couch of care,
Athwart the prison bars to gleam,
And cheer the stricken captive there.

Fair queen of night ! methinks thou art
An emblem of true sympathy,
That comes to cheer the sorrowing heart,
When pleasure-serving votaries flee

Friend after friend will greet our view,
When wealth or fame assert their power,
But they are friends, we know them true,
Who cheer us in life's darkest hour.

I love the streams that onward run,
To fertilize the thirsty plain ;
I love *thy* beams, thou radiant sun,
That smile to bless the ripening grain !

I love the flowers that gem the glade,
The vine that clasps the cottage wall ;
But oh, thou virtue-teaching maid !
Thy love I prize above them all.

Were't not for HIM, who reigns on high,
That Being, who is all divine,
To thee I'd turn my spirit's eye,
And worship at thy gracious shrine.

M. R. G.

FACTORY GIRL'S REVERIE.

'Tis evening. The glorious sun has sunk behind the western horizon. The golden rays, of sunset hues, are fast fading from the western sky. Gray twilight comes stealing over the landscape. One star after another sparkles in the firmament. The bird, that warbled its plaintive song through the long day, has pillowed its head beneath its wing. The prattle of playful children is hushed. The smith's hammer is no more heard upon the anvil. The rattle of noisy wheels has ceased. All nature is at rest.

Evening is the time for thought and reflection. All is lovely without, and why am I not happy? I *cannot* be, for a feeling of sadness comes stealing over me. I am far, far from that loved spot, where I spent the evenings of childhood's years. I am here, among strangers—a factory girl—yes, a *factory girl*; that name which is thought so degrading by many, though, in truth, I neither see nor feel its degradation.

But here I am. I toil day after day in the noisy mill. When the bell calls I must go: and must I always stay here, and spend my days within these pent-up walls, with this ceaseless din my only music?

O that I were a *child* again, and could wander in my little flower garden, and cull its choicest blossoms, and while away the hours in that bower, with cousin Rachel. But alas! that dear cousin has long since ceased to pluck the flowers, and they now bloom over her grave. That garden is now cultivated by stranger's hands. I fear they take but little care of those vines I loved to trail so well; and my bower has gone to decay. But what is that to me? I shall never spend the sweet hours there again.

I am sometimes asked, "When are you going home?" "*Home*, that name ever dear to me." But they would not often ask me, if they only knew what sadness it creates to say, "*I have no home*"—if they knew that Death hath taken for his own those dear presiding spirits, and that strangers now move in their places. Ah! I have

"No kind-hearted mother to wipe the sad tear,
No brother or sister my bosom to cheer."

I *will* once more visit the home of my childhood. I will cast one long lingering look at the grave of my parents and brothers, and bid farewell to the spot. I have many friends who would not see me in want. I have uncles, aunts and cousins, who have kindly urged me to share their homes. But I have a little pride yet. I will not be dependent upon friends while I have health and ability to earn bread for myself. I will no more allow this sadness. I will wear a cheerful countenance, and make myself happy by contentment. I will earn all I can, and "lay by something against a *stormy* day." I will do all the good I can, and make those around me happy as far as lies in my power. I see many whose brows are marked with sorrow and gloom; with them I will sympathize, and dispel their gloom if I can. I will while away my leisure hours in reading good books, and trying to acquire what useful knowledge I can. I will ever strive to be contented with my lot, though humble, and not make myself

unhappy by repining. I will try to live in reference to that great day of accounts, and ever hope to meet my parents in a land of bliss.

One boon of kind Heaven I ask, though far from that loved spot, that I may be laid beside my mother, "'neath the dew-drooping willow."

T*****.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Calm and beautiful was the morning of that day when a noble vessel sailed from an eastern port. A light wind wafted it gently from the harbor of N. Not a cloud obscured the rays of the sun, and the beautiful Merrimack rolled peacefully on. On board of the vessel were an aged father and mother, who were on their return home from visiting their children, little imagining that it would be the last time that they would be permitted to see them. But so it proved. Besides those were a widowed mother, with her young son, and a young lady. These were going to visit their relatives at the East. Methinks I see them enjoying themselves with the pleasing anticipations of meeting those that were near and dear to them. But alas! those anticipations were never to be realized by them.

Before night of that day, the sad tidings was brought their children and friends, at N., of their melancholy deaths by drowning. How it was the accident happened, I know not, as I was young at the time, but it was reported that it was the fault of the captain, who had disabled himself by intoxication, and if so what must be his feelings in his sober moments. But I leave him to be judged by a higher power. The vessel was towed into port, not far distant from where it capsized, and the bodies taken from the water and brought to N.

It was Friday they were drowned, and on Sunday they were interred from the church. I remember the melancholy scene as it were but yesterday. There they lay, side by side, the aged and the young. Those five coffins, with their black palls. The church was crowded with people, and many, who could not get in, were standing without the door. Scarcely a dry eye was to be seen in that large assembly of people. The services were performed by Mr. M., the worthy pastor of the church, and very affecting were his remarks, and well calculated to call forth the deep feelings of his hearers on such an occasion. From the church they were taken to the burying-ground, and there laid in the narrow house prepared for all living.

As I followed with my eyes that sweeping train, I thought with what heart-felt sorrow they would return to their once cheerful, but now desolate, homes—no kind parents, or beloved brother and sister to meet them there. And should we not fear and strive to destroy that evil *spirit* that caused this woe?

E. S. P.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S LAMENT.

I AM lonely! I am lonely! My friends have all gone
And left me an orphan, in sadness to mourn;
I had parents and sisters, and brave brothers too,
But they've all gone and left me.—Where—where are they now?

But yesterday their eyes were all sparkling and bright,
My mother caressed me—I was her chief delight;
My sisters sang sweetly, my brother joined too,
But they've all gone and left me.—Where—where are they now?

Oh! dark was the night when I saw them the last,
The tempest howled fiercely, the wild billows dashed
Against our proud barque, till she reeled to and fro,
Then sunk in the waters.—Where—where are they now?

In some deep dark cavern, mid the wrecks of old time,
With the sails of all nations, and every bright clime,
She hath sunk down to rest. But her brave hardy crew
And my own dear connexions—where—where are they now?

On the ocean's low bed, mid the corals so deep,
They have lain down to rest, and all peacefully sleep,
The long sleep of death, till the last trump shall blow,
But their spirits immortal—where—where are they now?

In the haven of rest. In yon bright happy home,
Where sorrow, nor sighing, nor parting, can come,
But before the white throne of JEHOVAH they bow
With angels and seraphs—there—there they are now.

But do they not love me, in that happy land?
Do they not ever think of their lonely Bertrand?
Oh! yes: their loved spirits watch me here below,
Though unseen by mortals.—Here—here they are now.

Then I will not mourn them, though orphaned I roam,
In Alleghania I must live, without parents or home,
But I'll think of the lost ones, and weep my own lot,
And my parents and kindred shall not be forgot.

A. F.

WHERE IS THY HOPE?

I ASKED this of a child, whom I saw eagerly chasing a beautiful butterfly, and ever, and anon, stretching forth her tiny hand, to catch the little flutterer, which always eluded her grasp. She stopped and looked at me, as if wondering at the question, but suddenly comprehending my meaning, she pointed to the beauteous insect, and with a joyous shout, darted away, eager to win her expected prize.

I saw her again; but she was no longer a child, but a gay and careless maiden, just blushing into womanhood. Her brow was wreathed for the festival, and the proud glance of her eye, with the musical laugh which greeted my ear, told me that her Hope was yet upon the painted butterfly.

Years passed, and I again revisited the home of my childhood. I en-

tered the churchyard, and approached a newly made grave. A female figure, clad in the weeds of mourning, bent over it. She threw back her veil, and I recognized, in the features of the mourner, those of the gay and happy girl. But, what a change!—She was still beautiful, but her smile was hallowed, and chastened, by the gentle influence of the meek and quiet spirit within. A faint glow passed over her features, at the repetition of the question, which many years before I had asked her, as she answered: My hope is in HIM who dwells on high. I have sought for happiness amid the gay and thoughtless, and, when I turned away disappointed, Hope whispered to me of a brighter world above; and HE hath taken from me, all that I held dear on earth, that he might draw me closer to HIMSELF, and that, being purified in the furnace of affliction, I may be worthy to meet them in the bright Spirit Land.

Merry youth, who art eagerly pursuing the pleasures of earth! remember that they are but butterflies, and can last but a summer. Turn then to the pursuit of higher and purer joys, that the spirit may drink from the pure fount of wisdom, and thirst no more. * *

A LONG COURTSHIP.

WHEN I was a little girl, I used to sit in the doorway, in pleasant weather, and watch for the coming of *Enoch*.

He passed my father's regularly once a fortnight, on Thursday, about an hour before sundown. He had a beaten path across the fields, and a particular place where to get over the fence. He wore a black coat and pants, with a white vest and cravat; thick shoes, and blue socks. This was his Courting Suit. Enoch was a very stout good-looking man. His hair was somewhat inclined to gray.

Jemima was a neat prim-looking maiden lady, at my first recollections of her, but I presume she was quite a belle, in her young days, for a country villager. She was a tailoress by trade, but she taught school occasionally, and had accumulated considerable property by her industry, expecting, no doubt, that she would one day enjoy the fruits of her labor with Enoch.

And why should she not? for where there is life, there is hope, and she, poor girl, had been hoping for the last twenty-five years, and "*Hope on! hope ever!*" was her motto. And she still lived on in hopes, for that was some fifteen years ago, and it is but a few months since I was informed that he departed this life, leaving his disconsolate Jemima to mourn his loss, with nothing to console her but the perusal of the only token of affection with which he had ever presented to her, and that was an *old almanack* of 1809.

ELIZABETH.

EDITORIAL.

A DAY'S EXCURSION. A *summer* day's excursion, we were about to write—for, though it is not more than a week since we saw the snow-flakes falling spitefully around us, and changing to tears of vexation as they fell to the ground, because it would no longer be an abiding place for them, yet now it certainly is summer, if sunshine, and birds, and flowers, and thermometers up to *ninety-three*, can make it such. And, if we went upon an excursion where shawls proved a care, and high-necked dresses a torment, and sun-shades a treasure, why, it must have been a *summer day's excursion*.

There were eighteen of us—more than two-thirds ladies—as parties are usually thus proportioned in our *feminine* city—all pleasant, animated and social—with a fine clear day for our ride, and a good object as its aim and termination. It was a semi-annual meeting of the MIDDLESEX SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION, and always to us a day of great interest. We were not disappointed in our high anticipations upon this occasion. The remarks we heard made upon the duties and responsibilities of teachers, and the nature and wants of children, will not soon be forgotten. Nor will the excellent sermon, prepared for the occasion, nor the pleasant hymn which went up from the lips and hearts of the vast choir of happy children, pass quickly from memory. Nor was the collation, prepared by the ladies of *that* society for the entertainment of their guests, to be forgotten, even in a passing notice of the occasion. For, in the profuse display of flowers from fields, gardens and green-houses, which seemed almost to overshadow the viands placed there to satisfy "the keen demands of appetite," there was that which met other than "the coarser wants" of our natures.

The time allotted also to social communion, was most agreeably spent. Then we formed new acquaintances, and renewed old ones; we greeted those who, unknown to us by name, looked familiar, because we had met them regularly at former meetings of this nature—for sympathies, like those which animated us there, wait not for an introduction, ere they go forth and meet each other.

We will give a retrospective thought to our homeward ride, and then close.

We waited for evening, as the dust, which in the morning had seriously vexed us, would then be less annoying. True, we lost the fruit blossoms, but not their fragrance. The fresh tint of the foliage was invisible, but the outlines of the budding trees were more distinctly defined upon the darkening sky. We lost the bright sun, but hailed the gentler "queen of night." We lost not the clouds, and we had the bright stars. We lost nothing for which we received not an equivalent; and, for the merry voices of the day, we had the clear full notes of the whip-poor-will, and the chorus of the frogs—and this latter, however tedious it may at times become, is always pleasing in early spring; as, aside from its merits as a concert of voices ranging from the heaviest bass to the shrillest treble, it is always connected with early and rural associations.

Pleasant as were our companions the spell of the evening was upon us; and, when our head drooped, and we thought of other days and other friends, the remark that "Miss F. was certainly resolving the happy experiences of the day into an editorial for the Offering," was what first suggested to our own mind the possibility of the thing. We had passed many an eventful and delightful day, with whose reminiscences we had never troubled or gratified any of our patrons, and hardly judged it advisable so to do. But the thought, which had been suggested now by our friends, did not immediately pass from our minds. Whatever we might have been meditating upon before, we did bestow a thought upon the Offering at last. And we have written this, not to preserve those thoughts, for we have not effected that, but to let our distant subscribers have an idea of the "white days" which sometimes occur in the life of a factory operative—(there were others besides ourselves of the company)—to let them know what some of our occupations and recreations are; and to assure them that, in the toilsome avocations of our daily life, its monotonous routine is often broken by scenes and hours of the purest and most elevated pleasure.

H. F.